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A MOUNTAIN HUSBAND.

Evidently a Very Loving Man in His Peculiar Way.

A short time since, while walking along one of the streets of Columbus, I met one of those tall, lank specimens of the backwoodsman that thrive in the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee. He was in the regulation clay bank jeans, and following him were two foxhounds, a bull terrier and a stub-tailed cur. Now, I had met this man once as a guide up Elk river and had visited his home, so I was not long in accosting him.

"Captain Claypool, how are you?" "Middlin; how'dy?" "What are you doing in this part of the country, cap?"

"Visitin a brothah in Wheelin." "How are the folks at home?" "Well."

"Children enjoy Christmas?" "Why, yours. I should like to hear from them."

"Um-huh!" "Got your dogs along, I see."

"Yes, sah (his eyes brightening), best kit o' dogs on Elk."

"Has your oldest child ever got strong again?"

"Yes. That'n thah with the blazed nose wuz shot in the hind leg by Jed Thomas while 'twuz trackin a deah."

"And your youngest child, little Zeke, how's he?"

"Middlin. That young dog, one o' the best singahs ye evah hud. No usen a fox showin up whah he is."

"But the baby; how about?" "I had his ears cropped so't he cud run through the briahs."

"And little Jane, how's she?" "Peart. That Bull is got good blood in hah, ye kin bet. Her brothah killed the prize dog o' Kaintucky. Held his grip fo' an ouah an a half."

"And Mrs. Claypool, how is the good woman getting along?"

"Sah throat!" "Ah, bad weather?"

"Lost one of my new dogs, and she spent the night in the mountains a-huntin 'im. Caught cold."

"That's too bad!" "Ho, but she found the dog."

"Any more sickness in the family, captain, since I saw you?"

"Waal, right smart, I reckon. That'n Bull hed the distemper, Sing snagged 'is foot, Lead wuz shot in the hind leg. Cuff wuz bit by a black beh, the new dog wuz bit 'th a rock by Jack Smith's boy; Prince, the squ'hl dog, wuz drowned in Sandy, not to say nothin 'bout the boy Jim dying 'th the measles!"

"Why, you have had lots of bad luck, captain."

"Yes, but I got these founh left, an I'll put 'em agin that weight in catamounts."

He boarded a Norfolk and Western train and started home.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Ungrateful Husband.



"The coachman has just given notice." "Why, Jack, how did he come to do that?" "I gave him one of the cigars you bought for me Christmas."—Life.

He Took the Contract.

When the tramp came around the corner of the kitchen, he observed a pile of snow in front of the door, but as it was not large he thought a breakfast might be worth it, and so he knocked, and a woman responded.

"Can I get a bite of breakfast, ma'am?" he said very humbly.

"There's a pile of snow there," said the woman significantly.

"I know that, ma'am. It is a small backyard indeed these days that don't have a pile of snow in it."

"Well, I don't want this yard to have one," she remarked.

He knew he had said the wrong thing then and made no effort to escape.

"It might be moved, ma'am," he suggested.

"Of course it might. If you want your breakfast, tackle that snow pile first."

He did want his breakfast, and he tackled the pile, and the woman went back into the warm kitchen. The pile was icy and hard, and after five minutes' ineffectual struggle with it he knocked at the door.

"Well, what is it?" she asked. "Got the snow away already?"

"Madam," he replied with severity, "that ain't snow; it's ice, froze solid and stuck to the ground. It'll take me at least a week to get it moved, and I'm bound to move it, for I have said I would, but I want to know before I commence if a Christian woman like you are is goin to let me work here for seven days before you give me as much as a breakfast to stay my stomach!"

He got his breakfast, and the snow pile isn't any smaller.—Detroit Free Press.

Fair Critics.

First Young Lady—Charming! Second Young Lady—Exquisite! Third Young Lady—Divine! All Three Young Ladies (together)—Isn't it?"

The remarks were not made in allusion to a work of art or a piece of virtu. They were occasioned by the fact that at the same time the three young ladies had just seen a pink haired poodle tied up in blue ribbons.—Chicago News-Record.

He Was Not Musical.

Mr. Peck Slip—That brat's howling is enough to drive one out of the house.

Mrs. Peck Slip—Don't get mad about it. As soon as I am done mending this stocking I'll sing him to sleep.

Mr. Peck Slip—You sing him to sleep! Let him howl!—Texas Siftings.

Worked in the Dark.

Small Boy—Mamma says you are a self made man.

Mr. Pompous (proudly)—Yes, my son.

Small Boy—You didn't have any lookin glass, did you?—Good News.

Civil War.

Manager—What's the row?

Assistant—The two headed boy is quarrelin' over a piece of pie.—Harper's Bazar.

JUST SUIT YOURSELF.

FASHION'S MANDATES ARE NOT ARBITRARY THIS SEASON.

Violets Are Quite the Rage in New York. Purple and Green Are Popular Colors. Attractive Designs in Challies and Satens—New Gowns Described.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—In the decalogue of fashion this season there is no "thou shalt not" and no "thou shalt." On the contrary, it reads, "Do as you please, wear what you like best, and have it made in any style between this and the deluge—only look pretty in it."

In the windows now one sees bunches of violets, wreaths of them, baskets and festoons of them, until you think you smell their fragrance as you stand gazing with one foot on a snow heap and the other in a mud puddle. In fact, there are so many violets in so many stores, the number of them surpassing that of all others 100 to 1, that one comes to the conclusion that violets are to be the flowers of the season, just as sweet peas were of last.

These windows CHALLIE HOUSE GOWN, look like fairy bowers and are more beautiful than one can tell, with their rich coloring of purple and green.

Purple and green, by the way, are often seen—not a raging, violent purple like that affected by the Italian women, but a modified shade—heliotrope, maybe, violet, lilac or the hazy shade of the morning sky. All these shades are combined with all the shades of yellow or of green, but they are carefully done, with nature as the master.

I saw a hat—oh, a dream of a hat! It was of fine black lace and narrow black velvet ribbon, and on it was a regularly gathered and tied up bunch of pink moss rosebuds and violets. Just think of putting pink and violet together! Yet, with the tender moss on the buds and the green hearts of violet leaves, there was no clash of color. All was the most exquisite harmony. If nature is studied and her lessons learned, there will be no mistake even on an Easter bonnet.

Another thing just now gives opportunity for beautiful harmonies in color, and that is the design in the challies and satens. Natural flowers are reproduced as exactly almost as an artist does in painting, and the effect is so pleasing that the eye rests on them with keen delight. One dark, reddish brown chaille had the most exquisite blueets, pink and blue, scattered sparingly over it. Another of a soft greenish white had trailing pond lilies, natural size, and how cool and pretty a gown that will make in summer one can imagine when trimmed with lace and loops of moss green velvet ribbons.

A chaille that was made up and in a window also gained my approbation. It had a pattern of Scotch thistles in natural color. The gown itself was plain in make, belted in by plaid ribbon, which formed one loop and two long ends. The ribbon contained the colors of the thistle. The neck was finished with a deep frill and jabot of point de gene lace, and the sleeves were frilled with the same. Challie is so deliciously soft and fine that it appeals to every one, and it drapes as beautifully as crape.

The new zephyr and lace gingham are as soft as the challies, and I think the prettiest are those in ombre stripes.

There are some magnificent white brocade silks, and some satin dress patterns with designs worked out in gold and silver embroidery. A Josephine gown for handsome evening wear was of white and silver brocade, with moss green velvet puffed sleeves and sash. Around the bottom was a silver ribbon with green velvet leaves.

A satin embroidered costume was most elegant. The gown was cut en princesse, the embroidered front slashed over embroidered black tulle. The train was of satin, and the sleeves were "angels" made of Spanish lace. The embroidery was of black, gold and silver. The manner of dressing the hair added piquancy to the whole costume, which was particularly graceful.

Among the newest materials put forward this season is a demier pointille de lure, which is a crepon with checks and bright colored dots on a plain ground. There is a changeable diagonal which takes four different shades in different lights. It does not wear well, however, shrinking up in the dampness. Another wool ground has silk tracery all over it in original design. This also looks better than it wears.

There are several styles of bayadere stripes, which are reversible and may become popular, but the silk diagonal is silk and wool, overshot with oriental colorings, and this is lovely and will be durable.

There are two or three new ideas in reps and grosgrains and bengalines, but they are really more suitable for wraps than dress goods. OLIVE HARPER.

Two Good Stories.

Oscar is a gentleman of color who has had the good fortune to save something from his earnings—in fact, enough to "add a addition to his house," as he put it. Consulting a friend on the subject who combines the contractor with the architect, he was asked to give the dimensions of the desired structure.

"Well, boss," he said, after a few moments of deep reflection, "I guess you'd better make it twelve by fourteen feet, wide long side 'gainst de main house."

The contractor figured a few minutes and said: "Well, here is the estimate, with weatherboarding for three sides. Of course you will not need any weatherboarding on the fourth side, against the main house."

"Well, boss," said Oscar, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I guess p'raps on de whole, you'd better put in de weather boardin' for de four side, too, for, ye see, I hasn't built de main house yet; I've only goin to build de 'dition now. I shall build de main house when I gits more able."

WANTED TO REPEAT IT.

A certain small boy had told a lie. Very sadly his mother had reproved him for it, and to help him to resist temptation she said:

"Now, my boy, if you ever feel like telling a lie again, come to mamma, and she will help you fight against it."

The lad went off with a sober face. Only a few moments elapsed, however, before he appeared again, and with an eager smile said:

"Mamma, I want to tell a lie."

"Well, my dear, tell me what you want to say," said the mother.

"I want to tell that same old lie over again," observed the boy.—Harper's Magazine.

POOR GEORGIE.

He Put His Tongue to an Iron Fence, and It Froze There.

dear editur—I can not talk. I havy had a orful time sins I rited 2 u the laist time. I met bil.

bil sed aint it cold. an I sed yes, and bil sed, I havy got a noo trfk. wat is it, I sed.

bet u can't du it, bil sed. wat is it, I sed agin.

bet u 5 cens u cant du it, bil sed agin. I bet you cant put yure tong on the fence in front ov the scule wile I count 20 and then say the lords prair aftr.

ho, bil jonson, I sed, u r off yure chump. I bet you I kin.

so bill & me went down 2 the scule an I put mi tong on the top ov the fence. It is a low iron fence. I felt kinder cold, but counted 20 and then he sed, now talk yure tong away.

I tride to talk mi tong away but I coodent. It was froze to the iron and hurtid like and thin.

bil jonson laffed at me an sed al kinds ov mene things, and I kicked an tride 2 get a way, but I coodent.

then a man comed along an askid wat was the mater with me an bil sed he thote I had a fit. I coodent tell the man wat was the mater, so I kicked an maid moshuns with mi hands.

wen the man seen me doin this he sed, yes the poor feller has got a fit, so he cum out with a pale ov water an throte it on me. ho, it was terribil. I jst thote I wood die.

bil jst loked at me an laffed. bi & bi they sent 4 a doctur an he sed my tong wuz froze 2 the fence. it tuk a orful time 2 thote it out. it tuk al the skin orf mi tong.

wen they tuk me home ma & pa wuz orful mad at bil. I cant talk a bit, an ma ses she is orful sorri 4 me. I herd pa say to mister frize, that he wisht ma wood get her tong froze.

p. s. marie grene dident cum holm from her ants yet. I am jst dien 2 see her. mi hart has got a singul thote mi sole is ful of luv.

—New York Mercury.

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A Compliment.

Poetiens (delighted)—So you think my new book a great improvement over all my others? In what way, may I ask?

Miss Cutting—Certainly. It is not so long.—Truth.

A Matter of Etiquette.

Miss G—met a beggar in the street and was moved to help him.

"Here's my card," she said. "If you'll call at my house, I'll give you some clothes."

He failed to put in an appearance, but a day or two later she chanced to see him again and asked:

"Why didn't you call?"

"Indeed, mum, but your card do say 'Thursdays!'—Brooklyn Life.

Knew His Business.

"Is this the candy you are selling at 16 cents a pound just for today?"

Clerk—Yes'm.

"And you put it in pretty little boxes?"

Clerk—Yes'm.

"Well, you can give me a nickel's worth in a paper bag."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Bright Lookout For Him.

Patient—You haven't sent me any bill yet, doctor. Are you not afraid to let it run so long?

Doctor (cheerfully)—No, I'm not afraid I'm sure to get it out of the estate, you know.—New York Press.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

When you think it is colder than ever before, and the winds are much colder with biting and roar.

The oldest inhabitant happens along and says: "This frost is but slim, and the cold is no more than will keep a man strong."

According to him.

Oh, oldest inhabitant, optimist rare! We bow with respect to your silvery hair, and thank you for making these efforts to show how much better things are than they were long ago.

But when summer time grows to a shriveling star to a shriveling star.

It was chilly compared to the year so-and-so.

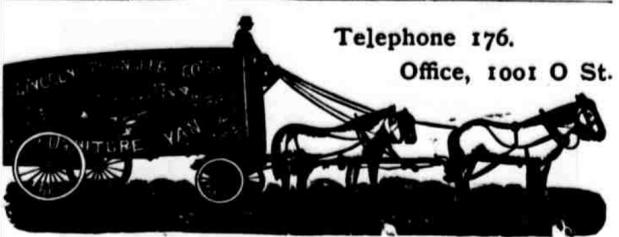
According to you.

—Washington Post.

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